POETRY.

DON'T YOU THINK SO?

Some women complain of their husbands
To all their "particular friends,"
And make themselves out to be martyrs,
Enduring the trials God sends.

They put on a doleful expression,
And then in a pitiful tone,
Recount all the faults of their husbands,
While thinking they're hiding their own,

Their stories of family troubles
They pour into other folk's ears,
And really appear to find comfort
In other folks' pitying tears.

But wives who complain of their husbands,
And men who complain of their wives,
Who take to themselves the full credit
For all the bright spots in their lives,

Must, surely, forget that their duty
Is ever to try to conceal
Each other's short-comings and failures;
Is never their faults to reveal!

Since all wives and husbands are human,
None always do perfectly right;
And little wrongs grow to be great ones,
The more they are brought to the light.

The man who was once a glad bridegroom,
The woman who once was his bride,
As long as they call themselves wedded
Each other's wrong doings should hide!

SELECT STORY.

AN UNBROKEN PROMISE.

—OR—

A CASTAWAY.

PART II.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER X.

TRACKED.

"P.S.—I had almost forgotten to tell you a curious thing which happened yesterday. We have a new clerk at the counter, and it appears he refused to take a message because it was written in cipher; the person delivering it, insisted on its being forwarded, and as he refused to go away, higher authority was appealed to, and I was sent for. Directly I set eyes upon the man who wished the telegram forwarded, I recognised him at once. Don't you recollect, a short time before the close of the season at Wexeter, I came one morning to fetch you after a rehearsal and as we walked away from the theatre, we were followed for a long distance by a short, stout man, whose hands we noticed were covered with blazing diamond rings, and who kept on dogging our footsteps, to my great amusement? But you were in a tremendous rage about it, and at last you stopped dead, and turning round, looked the man up and down as though you could have killed and eaten him on the spot, and then he, in a far more gentlemanly manner than we either of us could have given him credit for, raised his hat and went away.

"There stood the very man at our counter; I recognized him in an instant; saw the whole scene before me. Of course he didn't recognize, in the superintendent of the telegraph office, the sister and companion of the celebrated actress, Miss M. P. I enquired into the matter, told him that the message could be forwarded, and he retired, taking off his hat to me, exactly as he had taken it off to you, on the before-named memorable occasion.

"I wonder who he is; he looked very like a member of the profession, or perhaps more in the style of the manager of that American circus which came to one of the towns—I forget which—where you were acting when I was with you. His message was in cipher, and there is therefore nothing in it which led to his identification; it is a funny message, I enclose you a copy of it."

"I enclose you a copy of it," repeated Madge, turning over the paper, "and there is nothing enclosed; that's just like Rose. Ah, what is this?" and she stooped down to pick up a piece of paper lying on the ground at her feet. It was the usual printed form of a telegraph message. Madge noticed that it was headed "copy." that it was filled up in Rose's handwriting, and that it was lengthy, but she read nothing beyond the first two lines, which ran thus:

"D. L. B., London, to Philip Vane, Esq., care of P. Kaulbach, Esq., Hollycombe, Sandown, Isle of Wight."

Madge started, doubting whether she had read aright; she re-read the address carefully, placed the paper in her pocket, and started off at once for the rectory.

She found Mr. Drage at home, and read aloud to him the text of Rose's letter; she did not show him the copy of the telegram, but she repeated exactly the address it contained. There was no need for her to refer to the written document, every word of that address was burning in her memory, as though each had been emblazoned in letters of fire.

"This is, to say the least, very lucky," said Mr. Drage. "Have you thought of what you will do now?"

"I have," said Madge. "I will make my way at once to the place where Philip Vane is staying and confront him. I am sufficient woman of business to have consulted Bradshaw while waiting for you, and I have already arranged my route; I find that I can go across country to Yeovil, sleep there this evening, and proceed to-morrow to Southampton, whence I can cross to the Isle of Wight."

"May I not accompany you?" said Mr. Drage.

"No," said Madge. "I think that it will be better that I should go alone; not that I think either of us need have the smallest fear of what the world might say about such a proceeding, but I am sure that my chance of—well, I suppose, I may say, of, escaping with my life from my husband, will be greater if he imagines I have acted entirely on my own promptings in this affair."

"The argument you have used is scarcely one which should induce me to give way to you," said the rector; "however, since you are determined, go, and God speed you! Sir Geoffry will be perfectly prepared to hear you wish for a few days' change; I have taken care of that."

* * * * * *

On the second evening after her leaving Wheatcroft, Madge Pierrepoint rang the bell of a large, handsome one-storied villa, standing in a lovely garden, and over-looking Sandown Bay. The hall door was open, and several servants flitting about, busily engaged removing the dinner. One of these advanced towards her.

"Is Mr. Philip Vane within?"

The servant glanced first at her and then at the fly which had brought her from the hotel, then he was reassured.

"Mr. Vane is staying in the house, Ma'am," he replied.

"I wish to speak with him."

"Certainly, Ma'am," said the man, showing the way into a small room. "Will you walk into the study? Who shall I say wishes to see Mr. Vane?

"Say Mrs. Vane, if you please," said Madge, firmly.

CHAPTER XI.

FATHER AND SON.

THE revelation made by Mrs. Entwistle to her nephew, had a twofold effect upon Gerald's mind. He was of course filled with joy at the discovery that his belief in his mother's innocence was well founded, but this joy was dashed with keen regret at the thought that the woman to whom he owed so much had acted so wickedly towards her sister, and that, even at the time of her narration, she did not express, and probably did not feel, the slightest remorse for the crime she had comitted, and the misery which she had brought about. A great difficulty presented itself to the young man. He felt it to be of paramount importance that his mother's memory should be at once freed from the stain, which, as his father believed, had so long rested upon it; and that though reparation was of course impossible, Sir Geoffry might be able to recall the associations of his married life without regret, and to believe in the assertions of her innocence which his wife had made on parting from him.

To bring about this result successfully would, however, be no easy matter. In the first place, Gerald knew that Mrs. Entwistle's state of health was such as to render her extremely susceptible to any sudden emotion; and he dreaded the effect which the expression of his determination to reveal to his father the real circumstances regarding Mr. Yeldham, and the error under which that unfortunate man's life had been sacrificed, might have upon her. Then again, even supposing that he were enabled to break his intention to Mrs. Entwistle, without causing her much suffering and to obtain her consent to the steps which he proposed to take, Gerald felt more than doubtful of the reception he might meet with at his father's hands. Even with his small experience of Sir Geoffrey's temper, Gerald felt it probable that the old general would would not merely discredit the information which his son sought to convey to him, but that he would possibly regard the whole affair as a scheme concoted by Gerald, with a view to his reinstatement as his father's heir. However, the young man had made up his mind that the difficulties, of whatever nature they might happen to be, must be surmounted; and when he rose on the morning after Mrs. Entwistle's confession, it was with the full determination of taking prompt action towards the vindication of his mother's memory, even though his aunt might choose to withhold the consent which he intended to ask of her.

Whatever effect the narration of those dark passages in her early career may have had upon Mrs. Entwistle, she had herself sufficiently under control to prevent the manifestation of any outward sign; and when Gerald entered the boudoir, he found her lying on her sofa, in her usual position by the window, and in her usual state. She received him with her ordinary affectionate greeting; asked of his intended movements for the day, and chatted on indifferent topics, never making the smallest allusion to the occurrences of the previous evening, even when Gerald enquired, with what he intended to be special emphasis, after her health.

"I feel just as usual, my dear boy," she said, with a faint smile, "and if I continue as I am now, I shall almost bring myself to believe that Doctor Asprey is wrong, and that I, as it were, exist upon my illness. That was a sharp attack that I had last night, but it seems to have left no special ill-effect behind it, as I am in my normal state of lassitude and weariness."

"Even that is good hearing," said Gerald, "for I was prepared to find you a prisoner to your room, and I had something particular to say to you."

"Again," cried the invalid, with uplifted eyebrows, and a quaint expression of horror on her face. "Oh, for the happy days, when we had no mysterious communications to make to one another! I begin to feel myself like a modernised Mrs. Radcliffe, and expect to find trap-doors in the library floor, and see sheeted spectres gibbering in the park."

"You will readily understand what I have to ask you," said Gerald. "I need not enter into the details of the quarrel between father and son. I may simply say that it arose from my obedience to an obligation laid on me by my mother on her death-bed, and ——"

"Is it positively necessary, my dear boy, that we should enter into these family matters?" asked the invalid querulously.

"It is," said Gerald, insomuch as that in his conduct to my mother, Sir Geoffry has been guided by a belief in his wife's misconduct, if not actual shame. It is necessary that he should be enlightened on that matter, and that the truth should be told to him."

"Gerald," cried Mrs. Entwistle, with an ineffectual struggle to raise herself on her couch, "you would not betray me?"

"I would vindicate the memory of the dead," said Gerald firmly.

"But at my expense. Wait till I am gone, Gerald; you will not have to postpone your explanation long, and—and my views have somewhat altered since last night."

"You wish you had not told me this story," said he, bending over her and taking her hand.

"With all my soul I wish it," said Mrs. Entwistle, earnestly. "It is natural enough, and to be expected, of course, but your manner seems changed and different towards me this morning. And I—I have been and am so fond of you."

"But she was my mother," said Gerald sadly. "Ah, you will not leave her memory with this stain upon it! I am, I know, and God, knows it is not for me, owing as I do almost everything to your kindness, to sit in judgment on matters which took place almost before my existence. Your conduct to her has been atoned by your conduct to me, and if my father lost his wife through your acts, I have found a second mother in you."

As he said these words he bent over the couch and kissed the wan cheeks, down which the tears were coursing. Then he continued: "But you will not refuse to make reparation by letting me see my father, to clear his mind of the groundless suspicion which has so long possessed him, and of showing how harshly his wife was treated by him."

"I should not object to that," said Mrs. Entwistle, with something of the old sarcastic ring in her voice. "Major Heriot never appreciated my sister, and even in his most devoted days, treated her with a frigid courtesy which would have led any woman with a little spirit to hate him."

"You will not object, then, to my seeing Sir Geoffry, and acquainting him what you told me last night?"

"You must do as you will," said the invalid, wearily; "but a very short time and I shall be beyond the influence of his wrath, however violent it may be."

So the concession was granted, though unwillingly, and Gerald determined to go down to Springside, where he had ascertained that his father was living, and make an effort to see him. He was sufficiently acquainted with the violence of Sir Geoffry's temper, to appreciate fully the difficulty of his task, and he allowed to himself that, even if he succeeded in obtaining admission into his father's presence, he would yet be far from attaining the object of his visit. Once admitted to an audience, much doubtless rested with him, and his success would greatly depend on his power of holding himself in check, and rendering himself invulnerable to the taunts, with which he was likely to be greeted. Looking at the motives which influenced him, the restitution of his mother's good name, and the reparation of the wrong which had been done to her during her lifetime, and to her memory since her death, the young man felt that he would be enabled to fulfil his self-imposod task in the spirit in which he had conceived it. It would be a difficult task, no doubt, but it should be undertaken in a proper spirit, and would, he hoped, be carried out successfully.

Gerald did not purpose going to Springside until next morning. He did not think it would be kind to leave Mrs. Entwistle until he had seen whether the access of illneis, which had induced her to send for Dr. Asprey, gave any signs of reappearance, and, moreover, he had something else to do that morning. Something particular, apparently, so attentive was he to a second toilet, which he seemed to think it necessary to perform after quitting his aunt's presence, and at the conclusion of which he left the house and struck across the park towards Kensington Gardens.

The broad walk, which had been lately filled with fashionable promenaders, was now almost deserted, and the turfy paths of the long green alleys were already dotted with freshly fallen leaves. In many spots the grass had been worn away entirely, in more it was brown, brittle, and stubbly; the leaves lay where they fell, being not yet sufficiently numerous, in the gardener's opinion, to be worth the trouble of collection. The children usually found there, taking in the best intimation of fresh air under the circumstances, had gone to the seaside, accompanied by their nursemaids, and even the shabby-genteel people, whose business in life seems to be to sit on the extreme edges of the seats and eat captains' biscuits, had forsaken their haunts. Struck by the contrast between the gaiety which the scene had presented on the last occasion of his visiting it, and the desolation which then characterized it, Gerald Hardinge stopped and looked around, then, with a shiver, was turning away, when he caught sight of a figure, with its back towards him, some little distance off.

A female figure, trim, neat, and lissom, strolling along with somewhat languid steps, and idly pushing up the grass with her parasol. Just the sort of a figure to induce a wish to see the face belonging to it. No wonder, then, that Gerald Hardinge, after a minute's hesitation, started in pursuit.

"I am going blind, I fancy," he said to himself as he hurried along. "It was by the merest chance that I saw her, and yet I felt certain she would not neglect my summons. How wonderfully graceful she is; how much improved since the old days!"

The next moment he had gained the lady's side. She gave a little cry as he stood suddenly before her, hat in hand. She had been startled by his appearance, and the color flushed up into her cheeks. It was Rose Pierrepoint, with her promise of delicate beauty developed and matured, and with the bloom of health and quiet content in place of the anxious, irritable expression which her face formerly wore.

"You startled me, Mr. Gerald," she said, with a half laugh. "You came so quietly behind me on the grass, that I did not hear you."

"But you expected me, Rose?"

"Oh yes; but at the same time I was thinking of—of something else."

"You are as candid as ever."

"You would not have me otherwise, Mr. Gerald?"

"Certainly not. Equally certain, I will not have you call me Mr. Gerald."

"What would Mrs. Entwistle think if she heard me calt you anything else?"

"Mrs. Entwistle is not here. What made you refer to her?"

"I don't know; she came into my head."

"I notice she always does come into your head, or, at least, you always allude to her whenever you are annoyed. You did not like Mrs. Entwistle, Rose?"

"I did not take any violent fancy to her."

"So I was sorry to see."

"Were you? Well, then, if it will please you, I will take a violent fancy to her, Mr.—I mean, Gerald."

"Don't be absurd, Rose; you are in one of your teasing humors, which always provoke me."

"Then you should not have written to me to meet you at so short a notice, and come upon me so suddenly when you arrived. It was lucky your letter found me as I might have started off on my holiday."

"I knew you would not go without letting me know, and giving me the chance of saying good-bye. Rose, can you be serious for a minute?"

There was something in his tone which caused her to put off her light laughing manner in an instant. "Of course I can, Gerald," she said earnestly. "If my nonsense pains you, I ——"

"You know there is nothing I love to listen to so much," interrupted Gerald; "but just now I have something in downright sober earnest to say to you. You have known me, Rose, in two very different positions in life,"

"Yes," said Rose, rather sadly; "long ago, when you were a scene painter; now, when you are a—a swell."

"Yes; you fancy I have returned to my family, but it is not so. Mrs. Entwistle is my aunt, it is true, but I have yet living a father, who has discarded me."

"Discarded you, Gerald—for what?"

"Principally for siding with my mother, with whom he had also quarelled, believing she had deceived him. It has just been my fortune to discover that his suspicions of my mother were entirely unfounded, and I am going to him to-morrow to prove this to him."

"Coming on such an errand he will be sure to welcome you and take you back into favor, Gerald," said Rose, with yet a touch of sadness in her voice.

"I am by no means so sure of that. If he does, well and good. I will ask nothing of him but his recognition and his name."

"What is his name, Gerald?"

"That you shall not know, Rose, until I have seen him. Curious, too, that you should ask, as it is a matter in which you may be interested."

"I, Gerald? How?"

"Surely you must know! Surely long ere this your heart must have told you how dear you are to me, Rose. Will you not answer me?" he said, taking her hand and passing it lightly through his arm.

"I—I thought you liked me, Gerald," said the girl, looking down.

"Liked you!" he echoed, with a laugh. "I like you so much that I am going to ask you to be my wife, to share my fortunes, and to take my name when," he added with a touch of bitterness, "when it is decided under what name the remainder of my life is to be passed! What answer do you give me, Rose?"

She gave him none beyond what was conveyed in the momentary upward glance of her large eyes, and in the slight pressure from the little hand that trembled on his arm. It was, however, apparently enough for Gerald, who, after glancing hastily around to see that there were no observers in sight, bent down and touched her forehead with his lips.

"Thank you, dearest one," he said. "You are taking a leap in the dark, and have not the slightest idea what fate may have in store for you. But, whatever it is, I shall be by your side to share its troubles. Another twenty-four hours will determine whether I am to remain an outcast under a false name, or to resume my position as my father's son."

"You are determined then, to see your father, Gerald?"

"I am. It is my duty to tell him what I have heard, and to endeavor to satisfy him of its truth. Whether I fail in this, or whether I succeed, all I should ask of him would be the permission to bear his name. I want no money from him. I would take none."

"Then if your father is still obdurate against you, Gerald, yov will go on living as you have done lately?"

"Not entirely, Rose. In the first place I shall have you with me, and in the next, I am determined to shake off this laziness under which I have been so long laboring, and to work for my living."

"That's good hearing, Gerald," said the girl, looking up delightedly at him. "What you said last I mean," she added, noticing the smile upon his face; "though I don't mean to deny that to become your wife will be the fulfilment of my dream of happiness."

"It is very sweet of you to make such a confession. How long have you had this dream, Rose?

"Almost all my life, it seems to me. It began, I think, in the old days at Wexeter, when you used to give me drawing lessons in Miss Cave's lodgings. You recollect Wexeter, Gerald, and Madge?"

"Yes," he said, "of course I recollect Madge well."

"I was almost jealous of Madge once, I remember. I used to think you liked her, Gerald, but that of course was absurd. Poor darling, Madge, how surprised she will be at what I have to tell her! I shall write to her directly I get home."

"I think you had better leave it until you can tell her something more definite, dearest," said Gerald. "By to-morrow night I shall know what effect the communication I have to make to him will have upon my father and you can then write more fully as to your future to your sister. Now talk to me about yourself."

* * * * * *

The approach of autumn, which strikes with dismay the inhabitants of most watering places, whether inland or on the coast, is regarded very calmly by the dwellers in Springside, for to those who have been prudent enough to invest their savings in lodging-houses in that favorite spot, there is no portion of the year which does not bring its due amount of profit and gain. When the summer is over, and the London families who have been making a heliday sojourn in the city of springs, return to the city of smuts, the Springsideites view the departure of their visitors with perfect composure. They know that after a short intervale, just long enough for them to go through the process of a "thorough clean up," and a substitution of winter for summer furniture, their lodgings will be again filled, and this time by a class of tenant, rich, valetudinarian, and certain to remain for many weeks. This interval, however, though made much of by those who take advantage of it for the performance of necessary labor, is generally voted desperately dull by the better class of inhabitants, most of whom try to make their escape to more congenial places.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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She looked like a tigress at bay, also a little like her grandmother, whose portrait hung above the mantel.

"Away," she cried. "Don't speak to me again. I have discovered that you love me for my gold."

As he staggered to the door he did not forget to press his hand to his brow.

"Curse it," he faltered. "I didn't know she was one of those blamed silver cranks."

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